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All is of God that is, and is to be;
And God is good. Let this suffice us still,
Resting in childlike trust upon His will
Who moves to His great ends unthwarted by the ill.

—Whittier.

THE PACIFIC

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UNTIL EVERY SELFISH DOMINION GOES DOWN IN THE DUST!

In his Liberty Bond address in Baltimore last Saturday President Wilson presented in a graphic masterly manner the world-war situation and closed with these words:

"There is, therefore, but one response from us: Force—force to the utmost—force without stint or limit—the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust."

With but few exceptions the people of this country will stand with President Wilson in that utterance, and will favor the most vigorous prosecution of the war. There are no doubt many who will dream of peace and a few who will go on talking it. But, in our judgment, such a course is idle and vain. This, not because peace ought not to come speedily; but because it cannot come. That spirit, expressed in the words, "Might makes right," which had its extreme manifestation in Germany, and which precipitated the war, has yet too strong a grip upon the world. The war is going on for some time yet; it will not end until mankind is pushed far on toward a day when right shall be the law of the world and every selfish dominion be cast down in the dust.

In those closing words of that address by President Wilson there are imbedded thoughts which will escape the superficial hearer and reader. **Every selfish dominion** is to go down. Some have already gone down; others are tottering, and soon will fall. Not all will fall while the war is going on; but all will be so blasted and weakened that the process of destruction will go on thereafter with a marvelously accelerated speed.

As the headlines in one of our daily papers has it—it is "A Fight to a Finish." But in the finish there will be laid low in the dust much which the people in every country of the world yet cling to tenaciously.

Years ago that English seer, Edward Carpenter, wrote in his book, "Towards Democracy":

"We are a menace to you, O civilization!
We have seen you, we allow you, we bear with you for a time;
But beware! for in a moment, and when the hour comes inevitably,
We shall arise and sweep you away!"

Always the old order changeth, giving place to the new. At the time when Carpenter wrote the words just quoted he wrote also of a time when the long-accepted axioms of every-day life would be dislocated like a hillside in a landslip, when the commercial man would find the firm ground giving way beneath his feet; when the politician with brain baffled by the problems would reach his hand for help to the hand of the People. It was then that Carpenter with wonderful foresight wrote:

"The old structures can no longer stand, their very foundations are shifted.
And men run forth in terror from the old before they can yet find firm ground for the new.

"In all directions gulfs and yawning abysses;
The ground of society cracking, the fire showing through;
The old ties giving way beneath the strain, and the great pent heart heaving as though it would break.
No volcano bursting up through peaceful pastures is a greater revolution than this;
No vast mountain chain thrown out from ocean depths to form the primitive streak of a new continent looks further down the future;
For this is lava springing out of the very heart of Man;
This is the upheaval of heaven-kissing summits whose streams shall feed the farthest generations;
This is the draft and outline of a new creature,
The forming of the wings of Man beneath the outer husk—
The outspread pinions of Equality, whereon arising, he shall at last lift himself over the earth and launch forth to sail through heaven."

WILL IRELAND GAIN INDEPENDENCE?

This is a question frequently asked of late. Many things today point toward independence. Unquestionably that will be one of the questions up for settlement when the nations of the world assemble in conference after the war to attempt to settle the many questions and problems that will have to be settled soon thereafter if life on this planet is to continue. There is not much indication today that Ireland will ever be satisfied with Home Rule—with so-called Home Rule. Before the war, and even early in the war, something of the kind could have been put through, apparently, and have been acceptable. But today it seems that a large majority of the people of Ireland are bent on self-determination.

Will Irish independence, if gained, mark the beginning of the downfall of the British Empire? Eminent Englishmen have in recent years said that it would. Perhaps one of the eventualities of the war will be a United States of Europe. This would mean the passing of the British Empire as such, but not its downfall in the sense which was feared when those Britons so remarked. It would be a new birth for the British people—a big step toward the day when everywhere God's will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Not many months before the United States entered the war Mr. Frederick G. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York, wrote a book entitled, "Why War?" which he dedicated to President Wilson, in which he said with reference to some of the things which had contributed to the war: "Only a big-visioned generosity can settle these questions. It must be the generosity of democracy, and a determination to forever end the embroilment of whole peoples in the conflict of classes. There is

only one rule to apply; and that is freedom, freedom of each nation to expand without let or hindrance from any other nation; equal freedom in colonial markets and freedom of the seas. The merchant marine of warring nations should be freed from seizure and attack; the strategic places of the earth should be internationalized, and the sovereignty of a nation should end with its own boundaries and those of its colonies. It should not be at the command of the trading and financial class. Only by setting up a new ensign, a new standard in which the wider interests of the world will supersede the narrow interests of a class or nation will the world be freed from the wars and preparations for war which have engulfed it."

We do not have Mr. Howe's book before us as we write and cannot, therefore, quote him further. But his idea was that the world was moving on to a day when the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal would be internationalized, and Gibraltar no longer stand as a British fortress.

In the first year of this war Reginald J. Campbell, the noted British preacher, wrote: "There is one great thing to hope for as an outcome of the present upheaval—a republican Germany; or Germany and Austria a United States of Middle Europe. In time we should all become members of such a federation."

More and more as the war has gone on have minds turned to and hearts rested on these words of Tennyson:

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonders that would be.

* * * * * *

Heard the heavens fill with shouting; and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nation's airy navies, grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples flying through the storm,
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man—the Federation of the world."

Of course it is coming. All this is no mere dream. The only question is, when will it come? And to what extent will this world war advance that glad day?

IRELAND AND CONSCRIPTION.

The people of Ireland will stand better with the people of the United States after the war, and have wider sympathy in their desire for and efforts to secure independence, if they cheerfully do their duty now toward the winning of the war. Their representatives in Parliament voted for the war. Conscription followed necessarily. It should be applied to Ireland as well as to other parts of the United Kingdom. Resistance of conscription on the part of Ireland cannot, in our judgment, have any justification.

ONE OF THE GOOD SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Under the caption of "Standard Oil's New Labor Policy," the New York World makes mention of the direct co-operation for the betterment of industrial conditions which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., sought in what was called the "republic of labor" scheme, introduced in the Colorado coal and iron fields after the strike in 1915. The World remarks concerning another advance step:

"In adopting the Colorado plan in three of its plants in New Jersey the Standard Oil Company has profited by the lessons of experience learned in the Western mining fields. The men have eagerly accepted the plan in their own interest. Only those professional agitators who seek to stir up strife between labor and the big corporation employers deplore the success of Mr. Rockefeller's experiment. The scheme of industrial representation has been thoroughly justified in practice.

"The Standard Oil Company makes a long forward advance in the announcement that "it aims to bring all employees of the company into a relationship with the officers not unlike that which existed in the old days when the individual employer, with a small group of employees, took a personal interest in the welfare of each member of his business family." This was not its attitude in very recent times when Bayonne was the scene of violent outbreaks, during which the company treated with indifference the grievances of the employees. Even the most expert of financial managers and resourceful captains of industry are not above admitting that they have made serious mistakes in dealing with the labor question. In coming around to the new point of view of co-operation they confess that the exploitation of labor as so much human machinery was both wrong and injurious and must be abandoned."

THE GROWING GOVERNMENT OF GOD.

(1)

The people that walk in darkness
have seen a great light,
They that dwell in the land of deep shadow,
upon them hath the light gleamed.
Thou hast multiplied the exultation,
hast increased the joy;
They joy before thee as men joy in harvest,
as men exult when they divide the spoil.

(2)

For his burdensome yoke,
his shoulder yoke-bar,
His taskmaster's rod,
Thou hast shattered as in the day of Midian;
For every boot of noisily-tramping warrior,
And (every) war-cloak drenched with blood—
Shall be burnt,
Be made food for flames.

(3)

For a child has been born to us,
a son has been given us,
And the dominion
is on his shoulder,
And his name shall be called
Wonder-Counselor,
Hero-God, Eternal Father,
Prince of Peace.

(4)

Of the increase of Just-dealing
and of peace there shall be no end
Upon David's throne
and throughout his realm,
To establish and support it
by justice and righteousness
Henceforth and forever.
Jahveh's jealousy will accomplish this.

—From "The Book of Isaiah," by G. H. Box.

Good, Better, Best,
Never let it Rest,
Till your Good is Better,
And your Better Best.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Student Conference for Women at Asilomar, California, July 26 to August 5. At Seabeck, Washington, June 21 to July 1. Student Conference for men at Seabeck, June 14 to 22.

Professor Eugene W. Lyman goes from Oberlin to Union Theological Seminary—to the chair of Philosophy of Religion. Professor Ward, the Methodist Social Service expert, goes to Union as professor of Christian Ethics.

By an ideal State, capably managed and self-supporting with an ideally patriotic population, war could be waged without any addition to the National debt, says a contributor to the columns of The Spectator, of London. This is quoted:

> Romans in Rome's quarrel
> Spared neither land nor gold,
> Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
> In the brave days of old.

The Northern California State Sunday School Convention will be held in Turlock, May 21-23. Judge Wilbur of the Supreme Court will give an address on "A Man's Possibility," and Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, president of Mills College, one on "A Woman's Possibility." A fine program, throughout, has been arranged. One afternoon and evening Temperance will be paramount. Among the addresses is one on "Our Patriotic Opportunity"; and another one on "The Inspiring Task of Ratification to Which the Nation Set the States."

In a recent address at a meeting of the Commonwealth Club, San Francisco, Lieutenant Daggett of the British Army remarked: "I was a good Presbyterian, and I had a poor opinion of the Y. M. C. A. When a man said he was a member of a Y. M. C. A. I thought he was a bit of a sissy. I know better now. Take it from me that the Y. M. C. A. out on the western front is the life and making of the men, so far as religion is concerned. It is muscular Christianity."

"I have just struck a gold mine," wrote a soldier boy from the battle front in France to his father in the United States. He had stumbled upon one of the Salvation Army huts. He wrote of the motherly Salvation Army officer in charge as "the sweetest old lady," so untiring was she in her ministrations.

In "Some Gains of the War"—a recent pamplet publication in England, Sir Walter Raleigh says that the first is that the British people have found themselves; that quite early in the war they discovered the splendor of the youth of the empire. "It is worth knowing that we are not weaker than our fathers." "We have also found one another, and a new understanding and kindliness are manifest. . . . . No radical member of Parliament will again, while any of us live, cast contempt on the 'carpet Captains of Mayfair.' No idle tory talker will again dare to say that the working men of England care nothing for their country." Sir Walter finds that a further gift of the war is increased activity and alertness—a great national reptuation for idleness has been lost. The war has sent the idle classes to an energy and activity that will endure after the war.

Ralph Adams Cram, the famous architect, and writer on the religious significance of art, has contributed to the American Church Monthly an article in which he argues that our civilization is about to pass as did those of Babylon, and Nineveh, and Rome. "Already the whirlwind of destruction has overtaken it, and for more than three years it has suffered the first of the assaults that will in he end make it one with Babylon and Nineveh." Before the year 2000, he believes the end will have come. Mr. Crams' studies have led him to the discovery of five cancerous sores in each dying civilization of old: Wealth and luxury, lust and licentiousness, willfulness and individualism, leading in the end to envy, anarchism, and egotism, and finally the idleness of the parasite. He declares that these things supremely characterize our civilization and that the world war is an expression of them.

When will Germany revolt? Countess Alida von Krockow says in an article in the New York Times: "Whoever knows Prussianism knows that every contingency has been thought out. Measures for prevention of strikes have been topped by measures for battling with them. The mob, which is to say, the proletariat, the working classes, have been schooled from infancy in the fear of authority. Before a word, a scowl, a threat, they cower with the automatic responsiveness with which the soldier responds to a "commando." The reaction is involuntary. And these authorities are multiplied. Every policeman represents such. Every policeman, in his turn, is permeated by the same blind fear, is a victim of automatic obedience to command. He has been picked by the Government from the army, has been a soldier, feels identified with the Government, in a class alien from the people. His early training is in his blood. Let the command be given and the streets of city and village will see the legion of these men transformed into rabid, bloodthirsty troops. . . .

A Massachusetts Episcopal rector expresses the judgment that the attitude of many persons toward the Church is a self-centered one. As to attendance at the church services the thought too often is, "What can I get out of it?" Such persons, it is declared, "seldom receive any real help. They are entirely truthful in saying that the church does not help them. It does not and cannot so long as they continue to think first of their own feelings and their own needs. Spiritual comfort or strength is like happiness—it is not to be found by seeking it directly. In the popular estimate happiness consists in getting desires satisfied. For Christ the real concern is to get new and greater desires, desires for infinite things. The happy people are not those who are seeking happiness, but those who are serving. In like manner the people who find in the church strength to meet the exigences of life are those who go, not for what they may receive, but to consecrate themselves anew to God, and find guidance for the doing of his work, realizing that God needs them in the upbuilding of his kingdom on earth. Church attendance means cultivating both the habit of feeling responsibility for others and the spirit of loyalty to God."

MOTOR TROUBLE.

Charles L. Kloss.

Nothing is quite so exasperating as an automobile that doesn't go. You have jogged along a country road behind old Dobbin, and passed, with much inward satisfaction, begrimed men under and around a car, trying to discover why the old thing will not work.

Paralysis is motor trouble. A clot on the brain or some lesion, affects the delicate machinery of the body, and the muscular system is put out of commission. It is a baffling disease.

The Church has its motor troubles. The machine doesn't go. The mechanician grinds the valves, and cleans the spark plugs, adjusts the carbureter, and does not spare the oil. Then he cranks up—how he cranks! A despairing

chug, chug, a slow exhaust gasp and that is all—stuck, stationary!

Christianity holds the one remedy for paralysis in all its forms. A palsied man, long ago, was carried by four persistent friends to the Great Repairer of moral and physical motors, and He, seeing their faith, said to the sick of the palsy, "Son, they sins are forgiven. Arise, take up thy bed, and walk." To what church do these four peristent friends belong?

THE PASTOR OF A CALIFORNIA CHURCH UNDER FIRE IN FRANCE.

A few weeks ago the Rev. W. L. Stidger, pastor of the First Methodist Church of San Jose, went to France for work on the battlefront in connection with the Y. M. C. A. Secretary Mell of the California Bible Society, received a letter from him last week from which we quote:

I was very fortunate and have been assigned work for my first month right down on the front with Pershing's force. I am under shell fire and gas attacks and air raids constantly. Even as I am writing your letter we have had the siren warning of a Boche air raid. We have to wear gas-masks and helmets all the time. I get into the trenches constantly.

Your American Bible Society's Testaments are everywhere. Keep the good work up. The boys are eager to have them and there are not half enough to go around. Quote me all you please in saying that and urge the people to give. Two stories I'll tell you along your line that came under my own observation just this week. I could duplicate them by hundreds.

We opened a new hut at the examination hospital. The place was crowded. One fine-looking lad in a bathrobe came in. He was convalescent from a shell wound. He bought some chocolate and nuts and chewing gum. Then he saw something wrapped up and he was curious to know what it was. He said, "What is that package over there, those things that look like chocolate bars?"

The secretary said, "A Testament." "How much are they, sir?" "Nothing," the secretary said. "May I have one?" the boy said. And, honest to goodness, Mell, I never saw such eagerness in a boy's face. Then the secretary handed it out. The kid was so happy to receive the Testament that he nearly wept. He said, "Sir, I lost my other one when I was wounded. Will you put your name in it?"

The secretary put his name in it and then said, "My lad, I suggest that you read it every day and mark the verses you like. Keep the Bible and after the war is over, give it to your mother."

The boy was delighted with the suggestion, and immediately went over and sat down at the table and started to read and mark it. The next day he brought it in, marked in fifty places.

A secretary was standing in his hut. The boys were just leaving for the trenches. It was midnight. He saw a young lad nervously making his way up to the counter. He knew the boy wanted something and was afraid to ask or was timid about it. He said, "Want something, lad?" The kid said, "Yes, sir, I have a Bible and I don't know much about it. I'd like you to mark some passages in it. I am going out to the trenches tonight." "Sure," said the secretary. "Mark some good ones now," said the lad. "Sure, I'll mark some good ones, boy."

While he was marking the first lad's book half a dozen other boys came up and said, "Mark mine, too, sir," and for half an hour this secretary was busy marking verses in the Bibles of these boys. I asked him what he marked and he said: "Oh, Matt. 10:28; 11:28; 6:19-20; John 3:16; Rom. 8:35, 36, 39."

Your Bibles are right to the front in all our huts, and the boys treasure them.

These lads going into the trenches are eager to hear the old, old story. God bless them! and we, the Church, must tell it to them by sending a book for every boy. If I were suggesting a slogan for you it would be "The Book for Every Boy."

I am having wonderful experiences and God is giving me preciously sweet chances to serve Him. Yesterday I helped to bury a German and an American captain side by side, and the same honors were paid the dead German as the American captain. In the words of a middle-aged business man who came over here as secretary; "I have never been colder or muddier or wetter or happier in all my life. I have been re-born in middle life. I have found my fellowmen. I have found myself and I have found my God." And so it goes.

I cannot tell you anything about where I am for the censor won't allow it, but I am as close to the lines as the soldiers themselves. I hadn't the nerve to start any speaking trip until I had endured the same hardships and dangers as the boys themselves.

THE LITTLE FLAG IN THE WINDOW.

Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
Oh, what a wonderful flag you are!

Blue is your star on its field of white,
Dipped in the red that was born of fight;
Born of the blood that our forebears shed
To raise your mother, the Flag, o'erhead.

And now you've come in this frenzied day,
To speak from a window—to speak and say:
"I am the voice of a soldier son
Gone to be gone till the victory's won.

"I am the flag of the service, sir;
The flag of his mother—I speak for her
Who stands by my window and waits and fears,
But hides from the others her unwept tears.

"I am the flag of the wives who wait
For safe return of a martial mate,
A mate gone forth where the war-god thrives,
To save from sacrifice other men's wives.

"I am the flag of the sweet-hearts true;
The often unthought-of—the sisters, too.
I am the flag of a mother's son
And won't come down till the victory's won!"

—William Hershell in Indianapolis News.

Long, too long, America,
Travelling roads all even and peaceful you learn'd from joys and prosperity only,
But now, ah now, to learn from crises of anguish, advancing, grappling with direst fate and recoiling not,
And now to conceive and show to the world what your children en-masse really are.
(For who except myself has yet conceiv'd what your children en-mass really are?)

—Walt Whitman.

A WOMAN'S PRAYER FOR THE MAN OVER THERE.

O God, I make this prayer for **Him.** He has gone into war. Let **Him** find the higher meanings of war, and not the lower; war's beauty, and not its ugliness.

Let this war be, to **Him,** an adventure, fine and wonderful, an education wherein He shall learn life's deepest lessons, an apprenticeship for ultimate manliness, a training that shall provide **Him** a perfect body, a spiritual opportunity that shall enable **His** soul to come to its due stature.

Keep **Him** from war's debasements; from excess that loosens life; from cruelty and brutality that harden life; from lust and drunkenness that rot life; from dishonor, cowardice, and all things that make life coarse and common.

And if **He** fall, if **His** life be among those lives that are to pay the penalty of the world's misgovernment, may **He** die as a hero, leaving to me the memory of **His** sacrifice as an undying inspiration.

O God. let **Him** ever feel that my loving thoughts hover about him night and day, as guardian angels.

Make **Him** a help and not a hindrance to **His** comrades.

Make **Him** the pride and not the shame of **His** country.

Let me be in every way worthy of **Him.**

And bring us, in Thy divine mercy, some sweet day to a blessed reunion where all these severed, bleeding heart-strings shall be healed and knitted up.

Thou, who art all compassion, hear this cry of a woman's soul for one she loves more than her own life.

—Frank Crane.

AT THE FRONT IN FRANCE.

Some Excerpts from Letters from Dr. Freeman, Pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Pasadena.

I have been away part of the week, out with that part of my old crowd who have recently gone up to the front. Now it is really no very simple task to go into a dugout, and with your back to the improvised counter undertake to break up the fearful solemnity that has overtaken some of the men, many of them. They have recently had their first sight of the real thing; they have just seen a basket of fragments of German eight-inch shells; they buried yesterday the legs of a man of whom they could find no more; they have heard the sad tale of all the other first divisions —and the prospect is not one on which to set one's heart. "It matters not whether you live here or in England," a British army padre was recently preaching to the soldiers. "It matters not whether you die here or in England or elsewhere. It matters not whether you die today or tomorrow or in the future—it makes no difference!" At that the voice of a soldier in the back was heard, "It makes a —— of a lot of difference to me!" Well, that's what those soldiers all feel. They are getting on intimate terms with death, they who had never really given it a thought before; and it is quite a stunt to make them relax their strained faces and taut mouths, to make them smile and forget— and then to strike home some word of God's truth for which they will be grateful. I joked with them, I made simple points, I talked of home, and then I laid upon them the claim of the highest, and as a minister of Christ led them in prayer. All that on a Thursday night, in a dug-out,—not front-line trenches with the infantry, but with the light artillery,—with no particular religious excuse, and while the bark of our three-inch guns punctuated my speech and prayer.

The service of the French priest in this war has been a notable thing. I saw one on the train recently, a captain by his bars, with five bars of gold on his upper left arm indicating three years in the trenches, with two gold bars on his upper right arm—a tale of two wounds, and with the croix de guerre and the military medal both on his breast. Yesterday I met at the door of the Tours Cathedral another priest hobbling on crutch and cane and wearing a black patch over the socket where the left eye had been. There were medals on his breast, and among them I caught the scarlet ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Their fearless service and sacrifice ought to contribute largely to the rewinning of a place in the hearts of the French people for the church they once loved, or what is infinitely more to be desired, the winning of a place for pure religion and undefiled.

Duty Sometimes Means "Stay," not "Go."

Of course everybody is wild to go up front, and the said everybody is pretty much of a nuisance in consequence. The job up there is a very small, though extremely important, part of the whole, and the vast majority of us have to be far behind that sensational and dangerous point. The smallest part of war is war, and while many did not come over here with the idea that they would run a typewriter in Paris, or a Ford in the south of France, or a canteen in the central provinces, or a football game on the western coast, all these have to be done. A Paris office is by no means as dramatic as a billet in division headquarters, but it is eminently necessary.

THE "WRECK" AND THE "REMNANT."

By Rev. A. B. Patten.

Mr. William E. Blackstone, in his book, "Jesus Is Coming," presents with utmost detail the premillennial view of a world wrecked and ruined, and of a world to be progressively worse wrecked and ruined until Christ comes again in the flesh. Even when Christ does thus come, his second advent is not to redeem the world, but only to rescue a remnant. The conception of present world history is one not alone of disaster, but also of despair. He sees only "impending destruction," while "the present fiendish conflict of the nations may eventuate in a tragic collapse, financial, political and social, corresponding to the 'sudden destruction' of prophecy, which seems to be immediate." "It is the Night!" "Man is a failure." Our writer prefers the "positive conviction of coming doom" to any vision of possible improvement, and he declares, "Yes, the days are evil, and we freely admit that this doctrine does present a gloomy future for this present evil age." "The darkness, cannot be improved." "The professing Church itself nominal and lukewarm, fit only to be spued out of the Master's mouth." "Upon an apostate Church and a sinful world the day of darkness is coming." This blank pessimism is bad enough, but the worst phase of all this teaching is its partialism, its dogma of the remnant, with the corresponding dogma of a major fraction of humanity left to sunless perdition; for, to quote Mr. Blackstone's very words, "The great mass sweep on, like a wrecked vessel, in darkness and unbelief, to the judgment." "The world is in the power of the devil, and he has the power of death." Then the whole program of despair and defeat is refined and elaborated with interminable cross reference of scripture, as if the Bible were meant to make crazy-quilt out of. I am sure that the men who are ready to go over the top for humanity and democracy have none of this hopeless and heartless misgiving. What if the remnant should be too select to include even the apostles of despair? I am sure at least that the real remnant will be a major fraction of forward-looking men who will be red-blooded enough to turn to and

help save the wreck, or rather to keep the old world on her keel, and so prevent any ultimate wreckage. God give us prophets of the dawn who have faith enough to cry, Bon voyage to the world, even in this day of tragedy!

Then Mr. Blackstone's work seems so academic to one who is smitten with the passion of the gospel. It is all so static and statistical that it is sadly foreign to the dynamic evangel of Jesus. At the author's hands, the speculative and the ephemeral in Jewish philosophy at the time of Christ become assured and abiding Christian doctrine. I refer to the Jewish theory of "apocalypse" with its vision of impending world catastrophy and repudiation, which was to leave only a fraction of the elect of Israel in possession of the revolutionized earth. But this was both a desperate and a disappointed vision. Apocalypse has been well called "prophecy in decline." It is non-ethical, non-evangelic, and noncreative. Not a few of us believe that these apocalyptic survivals in the gospels are the misunderstandings of the evangelists and not the message of Christ. That the human mirror which reflects the divine image of the Savior should be somewhat marred by the philosophy of the age, in the minds of the writers of the New Testament, is no cause of distrust to us. The vast majority of believers have never failed to get the true picture of the Master and the true perspective of Christian history. They have never credited Christ himself with stressing the Jewish apocalyptic philosophy of the wreck and the remnant.

Then all this insistence on times and seasons and routine is alien to the spirit of Jesus. It makes us think of his figure about tithing mint, and anise, and cummin, while neglecting the weightier matters, juctice and mercy and good-faith. Mr. Blackstone's teaching involves him in a tedious tussle with the tangle of things non-moral and non-devotional. At the best he has only brought the clutter of marginal matters into the center of the gospel stage, obscuring the spiritual Christ and distracting attention from the deep things of God. His literalness is too tortuous to be convincing. Any rendering of "the simplicity which is towards Christ" that requires such laborious patchworking of scripture to establish its claims, is in effect disestablished in many of our minds by just such overwrought manipulation. A mechanistic theory of inspiration is of course followed by a mechanical method of Bible interpretation. Thus the Scriptures are spoiled of their palpitating spirituality. Apocalyptic refinement takes the place of apostolic fervor. Christ's passion of love and of righteousness melt into thin air. The "enthusiasm of humanity" vanishes. The crusades of civilization halt. But thank God, tonic Christianity still lives; and in spite of this fussy and feeble philosophy of apocalypse, in the face of all transcient tragedy of world upheaval, it goes on its conquering way.

There is no ethical stamina, no evangelic contagion in all Mr. Blackstone's weariness of proof-texts. How puerile to juggle with words, words, words, while the mighty evangel waits to be told and tarries to be lived into millennial vigor today and tomorrow and forever! Let us have done with a philosophy of pessimism, partialism and postponement; and let us keep step with the Master in the camaigns of hope and help.

ROY CAMPBELL NOT A MERE PARSON.

The last number of the Pomona College Quarterly had an article with the caption, "Pomona's Spiritual Pugilist," in which it was said concerning the Rev. Roy H. Campbell:

"At Rockwell Field, the great aviation camp on North Island, Mr. Campbell is fondly called 'The Pugilist!' The young birdmen quite stoutly refuse to admit that this popular apostle of righteous living is a mere 'parson.' They are proudly loyal to him as a good comrade who understands how to 'put it over.' They are won and held by his intense earnestness and his freedom from cant and pietism. It is quite understood among them that when he appears he is sure of 'the biggest hand' of all. Nor is it by any sacrifice of reverence or essential dignity that Mr. Campbell wins this favor, but by a straightforward manly presentation of the power of genuine Christianity. Many of these young men who frankly say, 'No religion in mine!' are hearing for the first time a message which calls forth their respect, speaks clearly to their needs, and tells them in terms of their own experience how to get ' mental grip of life and death.' Men who have never realized that the fundamentals of Christianity squared with their own best code of honor and fidelity, recognize this energetic message as vital in its emphasis, and learn to regard their own aims and allegiances, and their perils also, in a new light. Mr. Campbell is ready for the moment when any of these 'inarticulate' souls may welcome a more personal touch, for he possesses the qualities of a comprehending friends as well as the experience of a leader of men.

"Such Ambassadors of Christ have a splendid chance to modify the attitude of young American manhood to the traditional agencies of religion. It is due to them that the typical youth who once regarded the Y. M. C. A. as 'prayer-meetings with a gymnasium in the basement,' now records his approval of the all-round gospel of the Red Triangle, by the hearty announcement, 'I sure am a Y. M. C. A. man—from now on!' It is also due to them as connecting links between church and camp, that much desirable modification has been effected in pulpit and press; and an important phase of Mr. Campbell's work is his service as secretary of the San Diego Federation of Churches, which constitutes him a much-needed 'middle-man.'"

"Down toward the deep blue water,
Marching to throb of drum,
From city streets and country lane
The lines of khaki come;
The rumbling guns, the sturdy tread,
Are full of grim appeal,
While rays of Western sunshine flash
Back from burnished steel
With eager eyes and cheeks affame,
The serried ranks advance,
And your dear lad and my dear lad
Are on their way to France.

"Before them, through a mist of years,
In soldier buff or blue,
Brave comrades from a thousand fields
Watch now in proud review.
The same old flag, the same old faith,
The freedom of the world,
Spells duty in those flapping folds
Above long ranks unfurled.
Strong are the hearts that bear along
Democracy's advance,
As your dear lad and my dear lad
Go on their way to France."

"If the good were only clever,
And the clever were only good,
The world would be better than ever
We thought it possibly could.
But, oh! it is seldom or never
That things happen just as they should;
The good are so harsh to the clever,
The clever so rude to the good!

GREAT AND VITAL QUESTIONS TO BE CONSIDERED AT THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTIONS.

Have we all become social workers or are we all "cases"? Is the nation now the chief social agency? What part does the church play in the new movement?

Have you the answers to these questions? Are they worth having answers to? Great minds are giving thought to these fundamentally new ideas. Somewhere there is a man or men who can and will give voice to the hopes and ideals these topics awaken. Most likely these voices will find audience at the next annual meeting of the great National Conference of Social Work which is scheduled for May 15 to 22 at Kansas City, Missouri.

Will the church stand by and see war wipe out, in the words of Edward T. Devine, "the hard-earned program accomplished by decades of conscious organized effort to reduce poverty, disease and crime and to improve social conditions? Slowly, patiently, hopefully, through the years of peace" this mind tells us, "by one infinitesimal gain after another, mankind has tried to diminish misery and increase well-being. We write our triumphs in the statute books and constitutions. War comes, such war as this in which we are engaged, and in a few months all seems lost. By all the tests of social welfare which we are accustomed to apply, western civilization in four years has plugged into a whirlpool of destruction which mocks at the ideals and efforts of the nineteenth, and as we thought, the twentieth century. The destruction and devastation which appall us are but incidents in a stupendous evolution, most regrettable incidents in progress toward an end with which they seem incompatible. Somewhere and somehow there is, there must be, a reconciliation."

The conference sermon this year will be in the nature of a symposium on the relation of the church to social work and the speakers will be of representative Protestant, Catholic and Jewish faiths. Shall we find the reconciliation there?

Never before has the church borne such a vital relationship to the welfare of communities. Never before has there been such a program at a National Conference meeting bearing on this relationship.

"The subtle disorganization of family life, the emotionalism and unrest which affects young men and women, the noticeable increase in juvenile delinquency, the presence of new dangers to public health and vitality owing to inadequate food and fuel, the danger of lowered industrial standards, (the undermining of family economic well-being through increase of prices beyong wages—all these tendencies must receive most alert and constant attention." So says Robert A. Woods, President of the conference and head of South End House, Boston. These are dangers that affect the church, that the church must feel and shall have to reckon with. Nothing, more than this next meeting of the conference can point the importance of showing how we are forming these battle lines at home, our second line of defense.

Brass bands, booming artillery and khaki do not figure so prominently in the fight here at home—in fact, it is quite lacking in spectacular features which spur one on to great achievement, but the cause is there and the workers are there as surely as in our great war activities here and abroad.

A reflection of this spirit is seen in this quotation from Frederic Almy, secretary of the Buffalo Charity Organization Society, "in our fight against poverty, we are none of us pacifists, and there is as good fighting in this war as there is in Europe."

The National Conference of Social Work is the one great nation-wide medium of exchange between individual social, health, prison, recreation, industrial, relief and other workers and between organizations and communities all over the United States and Canada interested in the "how and why" of community well-being. The meeting and the program are both most interesting, timely and complete.

War topics occupy a considerable section. War Neuroses (shell shock) after the war is the subject in the Mental Hygiene Division. Five parts in this section are devoted to mental hygiene both with reference and without reference to the war.

"Are foreign born citizens political assets? Are they being properly assimilated? Are they a menace or a benefit? What should be done about their future? These questions and others like them are likely to be answered in the division on the Local Community.

Did anyone ever hear of a poor farm or a correctional farm that practically paid its way? Of course they exist, but nearly always the farming is the sort that seems a sort of side issue that is almost never profitable and the inmates, left largely to their own devices, seem to rust into fixed positions, from which it is difficult if not impossible to dislodge them. The Kansas City Municipal Farm, for misdemeanants, is one of the most interesting of the many places of interest that delegates to the conference will have opportunity to visit. It is one of the exceptions to the rule of non-profitable correctional farms. With an average population of 300 last year it cost the public only $2 per inmate to operate. There are 201 acres from which last year $12,000 worth of products were harvested.

GOOD NEWS FROM SANTA BARBARA.

I am quite sure that few, if any, of our brethren who keep at all in touch with our Congregational work and our churches, have been without anxiety respecting our well-beloved church in Santa Barbara, in view of the hard crisis through which it has been called to pass during more than a year.

A friend in that city has sent me a clipping from the Santa Barbara Press, an extract from which will bring good cheer to all those who have suffered in sympathy with that church:

"Rev. Mr. Ferris has just completed his first month here as pastor of the Congregational church, and is enthusiastic over the prospects for a strong and efficient organization. "There is no official leader of our denomination," he said. "We depend entirely upon the congregational spirit of charity anad good fellowship, and it is that spirit which is growing deeper among our membership day by day. Many agencies have helped toward this goal, not the least among them being the splendid organization of our choir. There is a beautiful spirit of harmony in their work, and a visitor to the church on Easter remarked that our musical program compared favorably with any that he had heard in the big Temple Auditorium in Los Angeles."

Questioned by the reporter as to "his views concerning the place of the church in wartime," Brother Ferris responded thus wisely:

"To provide a constructive policy of good will, and to serve as a balance wheel of society is the function of the modern church. I believe in patriotic demonstration and in anything which tends to unite the people of the country in a spirit of loyal co-operation with the government. But my feeling with regard to war service is that those who are doing the really effective work of the nation have little time for flag waving and an ostentatious display of patriotism. The policy of the Christian churches has been pre-

eminently one of peace and good will. It has been difficult for some of them to tear themselves away from this ideal during the present crisis, but anyone who has made a study of the work of church members and the clergy during the past year must concede the fact that with few exceptions they have joined loyally in all forms of war service."

Then he added this expression of appreciation of Santa Barbara and its people: "But I am glad to be here in Santa Barbara. How could I help it? I was told before I came here that this city had more delightful people in it than any city of its size in the country—and I have come to believe that this is true."

Only those well acquainted with the cause of the crisis in this church can appreciate the "wisdom from above" exemplified in the statement made by Bro. Ferris in response to the Reporter's shrewd inquiry. And nothing could be more like Bro. Ferris than to make just that reply. From the first moment at which I heard that he might go to Santa Barbara in response to the call of the church, I have been saying to myself that of all men known to me, I would have chosen him to meet the exigency. W. C. P.

FIRST CHURCH, PASADENA.

Easter morning dawned clear and glorious for Southern California, and the services at First Church were in harmony with the day. A crowded auditorium, exquisitely arranged flowers, impressive music, a processional of little children carrying lilies, all these contributed to the uplift of the hour. But perhaps the most impressive moment came when the pastor, Rev. Dr. D. F. Fox, gave as part of his Easter sermon the message below, which was printed on the back of the calendar, and the congregation was called upon to rise and join their leader in "renewing our allegiance this Easter day, through word, prayer, act, gift, sacrifice, the giving of our sons, of all that we hold dear, in order that the cause for which we contend may speedily triumph and victory may be assured to our valiant armies."

Dr. Fox spoke at an inspirational sunrise service at Mt. Lowe, and his morning sermon was shot through with the glow of his mountain-top experience. Fifteen members were received into the church at this time, four by confession.

At the evening service the large chorus choir, under the leadership of Mr. Ralph R. Laughlin, gave a stirring rendition of the cantata "Victory," by Fred W. Peace.

Communion service was held on the evening of Good Friday, in fellowship with other Congregational churches of the city.

Of the thirty-four young men on the First Church Roll of Honor, the first of all to put himself at the service of humanity was Donald Fox, son of the pastor, who as a student at Union Theological Seminary, went to France some time before our country was in the war, to devote himself to ministry in the trenches. After many experiences in France, Italy and brigand-infested Albania, Mr. Fox is again at the front in France, this time with the American Aubulance Section. Recently a bursting shell destroyed the barracks containing all his possessions, chief among which was the diary he had kept through all his months of service. A letter of goodwill and sympathy was sent him from the church prayer meeting last week, together with a sum of money to help replace his loss, so far as might be done.

The First Church pastor is finding himself much in demand at Camp Kearney. Having spent several days there recently among the men, he was called upon last week to conduct a Vocational Conference with the purpose of helping those whose enlistment had interrupted plans for their life work, to keep their aims still in view in anticipation of the time when the war shall be over; and to help others to find themselves along lines for which they might be fitted, that each may fill his niche when the time of reconstruction shall come.

Our Easter Message, 1918.

A great day of crisis is upon us. Two great ideals of Government are struggling for supremacy. As a nation we are bending all our energies to stem the avalanche of barbarity that is being hurled against the independence and rights of free people. Along with our allies, we are fighting to turn back the assault of the greatest military despotism the world has ever known. Battles are being fought which are to decide the fate of the nations of the world for years to come. The thoughts of mankind are centered upon this tragedy. The hopes of men hang upon its outcome.

As sons and daughters of the Pilgrim Fathers who sought to be true to every righteous cause, we this Easter day renew our allegiance through word, prayer, act, gift, service, sacrifice, the giving of our sons—of all that we hold dear, in order that the cause for which we contend may speedily triumph and victory may be assured our valiant armies.

In the new motives that throb in the hearts of our young men, enabling them to meet with courage the utmost sacrifice, we recognize the Divine power in their lives. On the battlefields of France millions have died to redeem our world, millions through such sacrifices are rising to resplendent lives and millions will return to help make this world thus redeemed a better world.

We are beginning to know the meaning of Gethsemane; we see the sun set in the crimson light of calvary, but in a truer sense than ever before the day of the rent tomb and the risen Lord is at hand. Every buried hope in our lives and in the life of the world shall be glorified.

And so we greet this Easter day, not with mourning and despair, but with our faces toward the light. We shall continue to work and pray for the new morning that is even now dawning upon the hearts of men, assured that our world is to have a new birth of freedom and that "government of the people, for the people and by the people shall never perish from off the face of the earth."

EASTER AT LONG BEACH.

Easter came to the Long Beach Church laden with the charms of a perfect spring day. Softened atmospheres, genial sunlight and that "tangle of music," the voice of the mocking bird, were among its material features.

Within the foyer and the beautiful audience room exquisite taste reigned in the harmony and massing of the floral decorations. A double quartet effectively heightened the interest of the morning worship, and in the evening Gounod's Oratorio of "The Redemption."

The sermon by the pastor, Rev. Henry Kendall Booth, was a fitting climax to the preceding three months' morning discourses, all of them being intensive and glowing in their attractiveness, upon "The Character of Jesus," and the evening series of addresses on "Christ in Modern Art and Literature." To an audience limited by the capacity of the house with scores or hundreds turned away for lack of seats, the speaker dwelt impressively upon "The Power of the Risen Christ." Presenting successively those delineations known as "The Christ of History," "The Theological Christ," and "The Christ of Poetry and Art," emphasis was tenderly laid upon "The Living Christ," the real, abiding presence who walks with men, ministers to all holy living, and is the vital force in the lives of all great Christian men and women.

Neither were the sacrifices of this agonized period and the tragedy of the trenches forgotten in this simple and touching discourse, and the 45 men called from hence to

the colors were remembered in earnest words and longings.

As is the custom of the Long Beach church, the Easter Communion service was observed at 8 a. m. with a large attendance, notwithstanding the day was the initial one for "Daylight Saving." Sixty-two persons united with the church at this time. Of this number 16 came by confession, 13 by renewal of covenant, and 33 by letter. The total membership of the church is now 685.

To all hard-worked pastors a vacation is not only a necessity, but is usually a joyous event. The Long Beach pastor and his wife expect to soon spend a month at their cabin up among the mountains of Orange County, in a spot appropriately named "Greenwood." Mr. Booth prefers however, to occupy his pulpit each Sunday morning of the four, during which time evening services will be omitted. He will also as usual lead his great Bible class of men at 9:30 a. m. It is difficult to estimate whether the devoted leader or the enthusiastic members most highly prize these delightful hours of study and animated discussion of vital truths.

EASTER AT SAN JOSE.

Easter at the Congregational Church was a day of unusually rich experiences. The day was begun with a sunrise prayer meeting and ended with a sacred concert. At eleven o'clock, amidst flowers and music and in the presence of a congregation that filled the auditorium twenty-one people united with the church. Fifteen of this number joined on confession of faith.

One of the unique events of the day was the filling of the "Chest of Joash." A large chest had been on the communion table for several weeks and all the church members had been urged to bring an offering on "Joash Day" (March first) and place it in the "Joash Chest." As a result of this plan the largest Easter offering ever given was put into the chest. (Interested readers should read 2 Kings. 12.)

"Passion Week" was observed with three special services on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings. Wednesday evening Mr. King gave his stereopticon lecture "The Man of Galilee," and on Thursday evening the annual pre-Easter communion service was held. This was a regular church service with the full choir and sermon. It was largely attended and was an impressive meeting.

During "Passion Week" the minister gave an address at the Tuesday noon meeting in Oakland at the Crane-Wilbur play house. On Friday noon in the chapel of the First Church of Oakland, Mr. King gave his "Man of Galilee" lecture and also gave it twice more the same day, once at the 4:30 Good Friday service at Plymouth, Oakland and at the 8 o'clock service at First Church, Berkeley in the evening.

EASTER AT GUERNEVILLE.

The writer is in receipt of a letter from the pastor at Guerneville in which he refers to the glowing success of that little church on Easter Sunday. Thirty-eight dollars for missions, twenty-five dollars for Congregational War Work from the choir, and eight dollars and fifty cents for Belgian relief work. That is not at all, sixteen united with the church.

Last year the writer received thirty-four into the same church, and it seemed to exhaust the supply of candidates in the community, but our brother, Norman Pendleton, has been there six months and has succeeded in finding sixteen more. This means something for a town of that size.

Guerneville now has one of the thriving churches in the conference. Three years ago it was considered a hopeless field. Much of the success of this work has been the result of a careful effort of securing the interest and co-operation of the community. The church has taken a very active (not theoretic) interest in the community welfare, its roads, its town lights, its educational advantages, its social life and entertainment as well as its spiritual needs. Mr. Pendleton has pursued this same program and the result has been a signal success. It may be said with a very large degree of fact that the town and community have been converted. E. M. I.

SANTA CRUZ.

On Easter Sunday nine persons were received into the membership of the church, three on confession.

Large congregations were present morning and evening, and elaborate musical programs were given at each service.

New stars were added to the service flag, which now has 53 upon it.

A volley ball court has been laid out in the church lot and is used by the women, Boy Scouts and Knights of King Arthur.

The Ladies' Aid Society has made the last payment on their Sohmer grand piano, purchased seven months ago.

The Sunday-school held special exercises Easter Sunday morning. The attendance was 226.

Dr. Fosdick's book on Prayer has been studied at the mid-week service to the profit of all. The attendance ranges from 35 to 50.

The Ladies' Aid Society and cheerful workers gave an Easter sale. The receipts were $104.

POMONA.

On Easter Sunday Pilgrim Church received thirteen new members, ten on confession of faith and three by letter. The right hand of fellowship was given by the Assistant Pastor, who also baptized five young children. A special Easter offering was taken for the scholarship fund in the name of Pilgrim Church in Pomona College. The Easter sermon-message was brought by Superintendent George F. Kenngott. The Easter music included Buck's "As It Began to Dawn," and the well known solo from chorus choir "Messiah," "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." In the evening the large chorus choir sang Harry Rowe Shelley's Easter cantata, "Death and Life."

Rev. Arthur O. Pritchard, of Scarsdale, New York, was heard in his initial sermons as Supply Pastor on Sunday, April 7th. In the morning he spoke on "God Our Burden-Bearer," and in the evening on "Getting Back of Uncle Sam," a sermon suggested by the Third Liberty Bond Drive.

LAKE AVENUE CHURCH, PASADENA.

Sunday evening our pastor, Rev. Angelo Shattuck, preached a strong sermon on the war, using as his theme: "Are We Worth Dying For?"

After reading from Jesus' prayer for hs disciples, the speaker remarked the stupendous changes that have come upon us in the first year of our participation in the great war—in our living, in our expenditure of eighteen billions of dollars, in our plan to send five million of our best young men to the front.

It is in order for us who remain to take account of our-

selves and with heart-searching ask ourselves—are we worth the sacrifice of these men? Are we worth dying for? We are not, if finding sin of any form we cherish it and fail to repent of it and put it away.

2nd. Having been purged of sin and selfishness we should consecrate ourselves to the bringing in of the Kingdom of God upon the earth.

We have hitherto been playing at it. We have done something, but not enough.

3rd. We should follow Jesus Christ to the limit in service and brotherhood to our fellow man. If we tolerate the slums of our cities and injustice to its workers and the exploitation of its belated races, we are not worth dying for.

The sermon ended by a quotation from "Mr. Britling Sees it Through," giving the advice to the German father who had also lost his son in the great conflict.

SAN BERNARDINO.

Twenty-eight united at Easter communion, eighteen on confession. This church entertains the Southern California Women's Missionary societies April 9th and 10th. The pastor has six month's leave of absence to do Army Y. M. C. A. work at San Diego.

ALTURAS CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Those interested in the work in the Northeastern part of the State will be glad to know of the growth of the Alturas church and the bright prospects for the future. As a result of the railroad moving their shops and central offices here and several other industrial enterprises, including a meat packing plant, there is a marked increase of population.

Many of the new comers are church going people and are entering in the right spirit.

During the last six months seven have united with the church, sixteen by profession of faith, practically all of the young people from the Sunday school and C. E. Several of the young people are especially worthy of mention and of fine clean strong character. The percentage of gain in the past two years, including the latter part of and in good measure helped by the last pastorate, is fifty per-cent. The number of new members amounts to seventy per-cent.

The attendance at church so far during 1918 has been quite a good deal better than before during the present pastorate. Passion week and Easter services were attended particularly well this year.

During January and February the pastor presented a series of evening sermons with the special desire of interesting men. The topics were as follows: The Marriage Question, The Social Question, and the Test of Democracy. The Boy Problem, to which only adults were admitted, Our National Defense, Beautifying the City, The Young Men's Affairs, What Will the War Bring Forth?, Progressive Business and Progressive Religion, Over the Top.

The result was gratifying. Not only was the general attendance increased but those who never have attended before came out regularly and some volunteered the information that they intended to continue.

After a short address by the pastor the meeting was thrown open for general discussion, representative citizens having been asked to be present and open the discussion for that particular evening. Quite a number took advantage of the opportunity with apparent interest.

At the meeting at which city improvement was presented the mayor and several of the city officers were present and took part. As one result the town board appointed a special committee of property owners to investigate and report on the advisability of installing a new sewer system.

The same increased interest is present in the Sunday School. Just lately nearly all the classes are adopting the Pilgrim Series of Graded Lessons with very marked success. Regular monthly teachers' meetings are now held. The latest class organized is the pastor's young folks Bible Class, mostly young married people.

The Every Member Canvass is bringing in a number of new subscriptions. Another year will probably show a still more marked increase when people become more familiar with it. A number of us have expressed ourselves as hoping that our church will be completely self-supporting in not a far distant future.

The Woman's Missionary Society has been rejoicing that they succeeded in "going over the top" by five dollars in raising last years' apportionment, besides several contributions to such work as the Red Cross etc.

These are the encouraging things. The others have been left unsaid.

THE WORK AT BOWLES.

Easter was a pleasing day at the Bowles Congregational Church. One of the largest audiences of the year was present in the morning when the Easter sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. LaRue C. Watson, and there was an unusual amount of special music. In the evening an elaborate pageant was given, visualizing the Easter story. Over a hundred were present—the largest Sunday gathering in Bowles for years.

The Sunday School is the largest and best organized that it has been for some time. It recently adopted the Tercentenary plan, and the first month it doubled its goal for missionary giving.

A community service flag was recently dedicated in the church, and the social life of the district is being cultivated. The pastor was also responsible for the organization of the Bowles center of the County Farm Bureau, which holds its indoor meetings in the church building.

MISSION CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

Mission Church had a splendid Easter day. The audiences were large and the interest at a high point. Fourteen were received into the church on confession. Eight little folks were baptized. The music was of a high order and there was a deep spiritual atmosphere.

SEBASTOPOL.

Great Easter Services! Eleven additions, nine on confession. Unique evening service in which a Hymn Portrayal of the Savior's Life from the advent to the ascension was rendered by the choir, and marked the first use of our new hymn book.

PACIFIC GROVE.

Seven persons were received into membership in Mayflower Church on confession of faith on Sunday, April 7th.

MARTINEZ.

Last Sunday was a great day for the Martinez Church, when 18 joined, 16 on confession of faith, coming from the Sunday-school and the Endeavor Society, as a result of the

pastor's Lenten Class, as the National Council suggested to the churches. It was a happy time, and the church was filled. The pastor left this week for two weeks with the camps around San Diego and Camp Kearny on special "Y" work.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Southern California Congregational Conference holds its annual meeting in First Church, Pasadena this year. Dates, May 13-15.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco, Professor W. W. Lovejoy will give a paper on "The Poetry of Old Testament Criticism."

Plymouth Church, Oakland, welcomed 35 persons into fellowship last Sunday, twelve coming on confession. This makes 79 received since February, and brings the membership up to 958. Among those uniting last Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Hunter. Mr. Hunter is the Superintendent of the public schools.

Twenty-one persons were received to membership in First Church, Oakland, on Easter Sunday. Ten thousand five hundred dollars were pledged for alterations and improvements on the church building so as to suit it to the needs of the work until such time as a new edifice can be constructed. Dr. Van Horn has been at Camp Kearny for two weeks.

Mrs. Amanda Wallace Scott, for some time the only surviving charter member of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, passed into the other life a few weeks ago. First Church was organized in her home in 1867. Born in Cadiz, Ohio, in 1831, she came to California in 1859. Her home since had been in Los Angeles. Only three times had she been out of Los Angeles county all those years—once on a trip East.

The representatives of our national societies who are visiting the Pacific Coast, Drs. Patton and Scudder and Miss Miriam Woodberry, will reach California April 22. Their first meeting will be in Grass Valley. April 24-25 they will be in Martinez; 25-26 at Cloverdale. Sunday morning, April 28, Dr. Patton will preach in First Church, Oakland, in the evening in First Church, Alameda. April 29-30 the meetings will be in Porterville; May 1-2 in Lockford; May 3 at San Jose. Sunday morning May 5 in Plymouth Church, Oakland; in evening in First Church, Berkeley. From the 6th to the 8th these speakers will be in attendance at the Northern California Conference in Berkeley, from the 9th to the 11th at Kern Association in Bakersfield; from the 13th to the 15th of May at Southern California Conference in Pasadena.

CHAPLAINS ASK THAT MR. PRESTON BE ASSIGNED FOR WORK AT CAMP FREMONT.

The eight army chaplains at Camp Fremont have addressed a letter to the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. which reads as follows:

The Reverend Bryant C. Preston having been appointed as an Army Y. M. C. A. secretary for overseas service, we would call your attention to the fact that he has been helpfully affiliated with us in connection with the chaplain's work at Camp Fremont.

We, the chaplains of this Eighth Division, do hereby petition the authorities who will assign him to duty that he be appointed for special work with our division.

Ever since the opening of Camp Fremont, Mr. Preston has co-operated with the chaplains, as well as being a loyal worker for the Y. M. C. A. It is specially desired by the chaplains of this division that he be given an assignment with us, so that he will be able to serve with our division here in Camp Fremont until we leave, and then on the other side.

FOREST GROVE, OREGON.

The Congregational Church at Forest Grove, received fifteen new members on Easter Sunday, eleven on confession.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Today marks the climax of more than three years' arduous effort on the part of the Congregational Church of Corvallis, led by the Rev. Edwin T. Sherman, its minister. From the standpoint of many, some of them even members of this church, the "impossible" was undertaken. But the necessity for a new church home, commensurate with the opportunity afforded in this city for far-reaching Christian work, supported by unceasing prayer and the utmost faith, has enabled this important church enterprise to succeed beyond all expectations, even by the most sanguine, and the new home was dedicated to the service of God today, at a cost of $16,000, with the total sum provided for.

In addition to Corvallis being a growing business center, it is the seat of the Oregon Agricultural College. This is recognized by those whose knowledge of other institutions of the same character in the United States enables them to judge, as being in the front rank among that class of colleges. At present there are over two thousand students in the various departments, coming from all parts of this State, and some from adjoining states.

The key thought, in many respects, of Pastor Sherman, who in large measure evolved the plan of the church, was to make it a seven-day church and so attractive in all its departments as to draw young people to it, as the site of the church, at the corner of Eighth and Madison streets, is only a short walk from the college campus. The influence for good of Christian work and character building in the highest sense which may emanate from the work Pastor Sherman has in mind, cannot be measured. Suffice it to say, it certainly will be very great.

The building is a beautiful one of cream-colored pressed brick, and composite in style, many excellent qualities in a number of churches of the Pacific Coast, having been worked into the design. The seating capacity is more than ample for 500, and the lighting is excellent. Rooms for prayer-meeting, Sunday-school, social features, games, reading and rest rooms, etc., have all been provided for in a very convenient way.

At the morning service, 11 a. m., there were nine additions, four by letter and five on confession of faith, one an aged man, and the others young people in their teens from the Sunday-school, and three infant baptisms. In a short time several other members will be received through baptism by immersion.

The dedicatory exercises were held at 3 p. m. The greetings of the local churches were extended by Rev. D. D. Leech of the Methodist Episcopal Church; greetings of the State Conference and American Home Missionary Society were conveyed by Rev. A. J. Sullens, State Superintendent of the A. M. H. S.; Dedication sermon, by Rev. H. H. Wikoff of San Francisco, Pacific Coast Superintendent of the C. C. B. S.; after which he made such a felicitous appeal as to result in an enthusiastic response of $3,000.00, to cover the remaining obligations. And then, in addition to

that, $250.00 were subscribed towards a fund for a suitable organ.

All in all, this was indeed a red-letter day for the Congregational church of Corvallis; and there were a number of visitors present from other Congregational churches, notably Mr. Roberts of The Dalles, ex-Moderator of the State Conference, to rejoice with Pastor Sherman and his loyal membership in the successful outcome of an enterprise, which was entered upon in a season of most discouraging conditions.

Corvallis, April 7, 1918.

EASTERN WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO ASSOCIATION.

It met with Pilgrim Church, Spokane, April 1 and 2. It was the first of a series of six to be held through the state. The general theme was: "The Church, the War, and the Days Ahead." The churches were well represented, and the reports gave evidence of substantial growth during the year.

Rev. F. A. Bown, of Plummer, Ida., preached the conference sermon on "Feeding the Multitude."

Subjects treated were: "Recruiting and Training for Service";; "Evangelism and Evangelization"; "The Church Mobilizing for Her Immediate Campaign"; "The Sunday School Tercentenary."

Among the special features of the meetings was a greeting from the German Congregational Conference of Twenty Churches by Rev. William Essig of Odessa, who expressed the loyalty of the German churches to America and the principles for which she stands. "We want to keep what we have gained by coming here, and do not want the Kaiser or any one else to take our privileges away from us."

It was an inspiration to have with us Drs. C. H. Patton and W. W. Scudder, and Miss Miriam Woodberry. Their addresses were of the highest order, illuminating, encouraging and inspiring. The only reason I do not attempt to report their speeches is because time is very much occupied, and I expect the people all over the Pacific Coast will know enough to go to hear them.

Strong resolutions were passed commending the attitude of President Wilson on the liquor question, and urging him to exercise his power immediately to prohibit entirely, as a war measure, the manufacture and sale of any kind of intoxicants or malt liquor.

Rev. C. H. Harrison, of Pullman, was made moderator for the coming year.

The Congregational Club banquet at the Westminster Church was attended by nearly 200 people, and the address of Dr. Patton placed him, in my estimate, among the world's great statesmen, and the whole program was magnificent.

Jonathan Whitman Edwards, 63rd Infantry, at Presidio, San Francisco, has received commission as 1st Lieutenant.

Resolutions to the President.

"Whereas, The President of the United States has called upon us to do our utmost in the saving of food and fuel for the purpose of winning the war, we again express our heartiest accord and pledge out utmost loyalty, and

"Whereas, Congress has placed in the President's hand the power to regulate or restrict the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors under which provision he has already prohibited the manufacture of distilled liquors and reduced the alcoholic content of beer to 2⅔ per cent, and

"Whereas, Vast amounts of food material and fuel are still being wasted in the manufacture of beer, which waste is so much needed for food for our people. Be it therefore

"Resolved, That we express our heartiest praise for the stand our President has already taken, and urge him to immediately utilize completely the power placed in his hands and prohibit entirely (as a war measure) the manufacture and sale of any kind of intoxicant or malt liquor; and, be it further

"Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to President Wilson, to our senators, and to our congressmen; also that each of the churches of our membership be urged to take similar action."

Laud Odessa Folks.

The following resolution addressed to the German Congregation of Odessa was also presented:

"Resolved that we express our delight in the presence of Rev. William Essig of Odessa, representing the German congregations of the Pacific Coast, and rejoice in his words of greeting, expressing loyalty to our denominational and national principle of democracy and liberty, both political and ecclesiastical, and urge that there be cultivated a closer fellowship between our English and German-speaking brethren."

Additions to the churches on Easter Sunday passed the 200 mark—178 on confession of faith; and this will be increased in a few Sundays to no less than 50 more.

Additions on Easter.

Spokane:	Westminster, on confession	15;	total 21
	Pilgrim, on confession	11;	total 16
	Corbin Park, on confession	10;	total 10
	Plymouth, on confession	6;	total 9
	Deer Park, on confession	6;	total 6
	Cheney, on confession	30;	total 50
	Ottis Orchard, on confession	6;	total 6
	Gusck, on confession	16;	total 20
	Northport, on confession	16;	total 16
	Vera, on confession	13;	total 17
	Orchard Prairie, on confession	2;	total 4
Idaho:	Ferdinand, on confession	21;	total 21
	Kellogg, on confession	17;	total 17
	Hope, on confession	8;	total 8
	Kootenae, on confession	2;	total 2

Ordination.

James N. Pendleton, Newport, Wash. Ordaining prayer, Rev. W. C. Veazie; Right hand of fellowship, Rev. L. O. Baird.

J. EDWARDS.

Spokane, Wash., April 5, 1918.

NONE OF US LIVETH TO HIMSELF.

Forever the sun in pouring its gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow;
To withhold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night.
To give
Is to live.

He is dead whose hand is not open wide
To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the length of his lifelong ride
Who gives his fortunate place to another.
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies:
To deny
Is to die.

A fool and his money may be soon parted, but a bigger one may refuse to part with it in a good cause.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

Wednesday morning, April 3rd, the directors met for the regular monthly executive session. The devotional exercises were led by Miss Brewer, who presented the latter part of Chapter IV of Fosdick's "Manhood of the Master." The subject was the "Master's Endurance." Read II Cor. 4:7-10 and 16-18 as a background for the meditations. "Review in your thought now the burdens of the Master; the discouraging handicaps of the Jewish field in which he worked, the inadequacy of the men who were his instruments the calumny and hostility with which his saviourhood was greeted, the imminent certainty of his own crucifixion and the persecution of his friends and finally the loneliness of his soul. 'To be great is to be misunderstood' says Emerson. The altitude of a mountain is the measure of its solitude, for as its eminence increases it overpasses the companionship of lesser peaks.....Would you not expect any one so circumstanced to be gloomy and morose?.. His radiant cheer was never submerged. * * * * the Master's confidence never wavered. * * * * In prosperity a man may believe in God in common with his friends and may rejoice in social worship, but in trouble, all artificial props are knocked away, and he can rely on no more faith than that, which he possesses in himself. * * * * Consider the Master's perfect reliance on his Father, even in the agonies of crucifixion, saying 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit.' "

Special petitions were offered for the new Arizona Branch, the annual meeting of the Southern Branch, for Miss Denton and Miss MacClintock on the high seas, for Mrs. Emrich who is ill, and for Mrs. Evans and Miss Denton who are to be gone for a time, following board activities away from the home base.

Mrs. Evans goes south to attend the annual meeting of the Southern California Branch and to confer with Mrs. Robertson, Vice-president for the Pacific Coast of the Woman's Home Missionary Union, concerning concerted action in the "Conquest" program. Just what the conquest program means will be fully explained later.

The fortunate and happy opportunity has come to Miss Benton, our efficient office secretary, to take a trip East to visit other Women's Boards and acquaint herself with the administration of her office as it has been developed by others of longer and wider experience. This possibility of increased efficiency of the board through an educated secretary is the gift of Miss Benton's brother-in-law, Dr. Loyal L. Wirt. The position of office secretary during Miss Benton's three months' absence will be ably and acceptably filled by Miss Edith Parsons, one of our teachers from Brousa, Turkey, now at home on enforced furlough. This means a wonderful opportunity to meet Miss Parsons and learn at first hand just what place a foreign mission school has in the life of a community; why we should feel a responsibility in its support and what results we may expect.

Lintsing Chronicles.

From the many interesting letters read by the Foreign Secretary at the meeting, the following excerpts have been selected from that of Mr. Vinton, P. Eastman who with Mrs. Eastman and their two little daughters recently returned to Lintsing, China, after a year's furlough. They arrived at the height of the great flood and instead of traveling by rail were obliged to embark in house-boats on the great sea of water that had submerged the fields and the villages and broken the railroad tracks. As they floated over the grain fields the top of their boat grazed the telegraph wires, and upon reaching Techow they stepped into the second-story windows of the Twin Hospitals. The plight of the villages in some of the districts was heart-rending. On their roofs in the bitter cold they lived and slept for three days and nights until the ice in their houses was frozen solid. Their only food was a watery concoction of dead leaves, with a sprinkling of coarse millet, one meal a day, or often one meal in two days.

"Add to these flood and famine horrors the civil strife between north and south, not yet at an end, and now the pnemonic plague! It would seem as if China, though not actually at combat in the great world war, yet had troubles enough of her own."

"Today was opening day at the new street chapel. This is well located on the main business street of the city, is supplied with a good stock of Christian literature which we will be able to sell at moderate prices through the aid of a Mission Literature fund; has a reading room in connection where we have the daily papers, magazines, etc. for those who care to read, and will be opened daily for chapel preaching. The opening was not exactly a grand one, but the rooms were full of interested men and boys from the schools and shops. I spoke on Lincoln as a self-educated man who was not afraid of manual labor, with special emphasis on his religious faith which was the foundation of his power as a man and as President. A Mohammedan teacher from one of the city schools followed with an address on education. Wisdom is the principal thing, he said; therefore get wisdom. He praised the Christian Church for all that it was doing for the benefit of the people, as exampled in the providing of this free public reading room. But there was lacking any emphasis on the fear of the Lord as the beginning of wisdom. As a Mohammedan he could not well avow his approval of the Christian religion, nor stand up in a Christian chapel and advise his hearers to study Mohammedanism, so he discreetly left religion unmentioned.

Sunday. This is big meeting meeting day, which means that it is the day when as many of the 690 church members as can get away from home come to Lintsing for the day or two set apart twice each year for the reception of members, the observance of the Lord's Supper, and the giving of special lectures, and sermons. All of those who hope to join the church are here too. Until we made the rule that all who hoped to join must first study for two weeks in a preparatory class we were often swamped by the number of applicants. Sometimes the larger share of the men of some village would come, a few of them having heard enough of Jesus' way so as to be able to pass a fair examination, but the greater number often not being able to repeat the Lord's prayer, or tell who Jesus was. Now that we have the new rule the number coming is smaller, but the actual spiritual results of the special days of meetings and of study are far more worth while than before. Some six new members were baptized today, and about twenty joined on probation.

"Our great problem now is not how to win indifferent people to a desire to join the church, but rather to teach those who already desire to be connected with us the fundamentals of the gospel, relate them to a personal friend and Sav-

ior in Jesus Christ, and send them out prepared to win others. Out of the total of two million and more people that surround us here 698 are now baptized church members, and a thousand more have taken the first step. For work among this number, we have but six preachers, who must cover an area of more than 2500 square miles. You can see that there is much land to be possessed! I preached the morning sermon on the "True Christian" showing what fruits of the Spirit he should bring forth."

"Great excitement at Lintsing! The boat from Tientsin has arrived, bringing our piano, the steam heating apparatus for the hospital, and various other boxes and parcels long waited for. The piano given us by kind friends and personally selected in Chicago was shipped from there in June. By seven p. m. we had it unloaded here and in the house. It came through in fine shape, and is some curiosity here, as it is the first piano in Lintsing. It will be a wonderful help to the children in their singing, such a comfort to Florence, and a joy to all the station."

SENTINEL, BREAK THE NIGHT!

Sentinel, break the night with a golden spear;
Why does it stand out in the field like one
Who clings to all the earth with craven fear,
Pushing with his shoulder on the rising sun?

Sentinel, unlock the morning from its chains;
Throw by the bolts from off the eastern door;
Unlock that portal hinging on the plains,
And let the dawn-gate loose its golden store.

Ring out cathedral bells with glorious light,
Sentinel, lift your spear and break the night!

—Edwin Curran.

For The Children.

IN THE DAYS OF DICK WHITTINGTON.

It was in the days when Sir Richard Whittington had just been elected for the second time Lord Mayor of London. Stopping at every street corner in the quaint old city of London, the towncrier rang his bell loudly, and the townfolk gathered around him to hear what he was crying. This is what they heard.

"Oyes! Oyes! Oyes! Andrea, a foreign merchant staying at the Tabard Inn, has lost a purse containing two hundred gold pieces. He promises the man who finds and restores it half of all the gold it contains. God save the King!"

Down Cheapside, with its old, timbered houses, went the towncrier, and as he rang his bell at the corner of Wood Street a young sailorman came up to him.

"I have found a big purse, full of gold," said the young sailorman, "but I have not counted the coins, as I didn't want the owner to think I had been fingering them. I've been waiting two days for the cry to be made."

The towncrier, a kindly but pompous old fellow, took the purse and opened it, and counted the money. A crowd of men and women and children watched him handle the gold in silent awe. Never had they seen so much wealth.

"Yes, there are just two hundred pieces," said the towncrier, handing the purse and its contents back to the sailor. "Go at once to Andrea, at the Tabard Inn, Southwark, and you will earn a small fortune. He is a read-haired, foreign-looking man, with a pale face. You can't mistake him. He will see you when you state your business."

Away went Frank, the sailorman—an honest and handsome boy, a little under twenty years of age.

"I picked it up on London Bridge, as I came off my ship," he said to the foreign merchant as he gave him the purse. "Had I known the owner, I would have brought it without any reward."

The foreigner stared at him with a strange light in his eyes, but his hand that held the purse trembled when he heard the next words.

"But I am very poor," Frank went on to say, "and I have had to go to sea to keep my widowed mother from living on charity in the almshouse. Your generous offer will enable me to open a little shop and make a home for my poor mother."

The merchant had first been filled with joy at getting back the money he had lost. He had not dreamed the English people were so honest as to return a large sum of money that the finder could easily and safely keep. Being himself a cunning aand grasping miser, he thought that anybody would have acted just as he would have done, and never have given up the purse.

"What a fool I was to offer half the money to the finder?" he thought to himself. "This honest simpleton would have brought it back without any reward."

Pouring out the gold on the table, he began very carefully to count it. All the time he was trying to think of a means of getting out of his promise. False he was and greedy; and suddenly he saw a way of cheating Frank out of the reward.

"Where is it?" he said. "Where is it? I cannot find it!"

And, putting on an air of wild anxiety, he began to turn the purse inside out and rake among the heap of golden coins.

"What have you done with the emerald?" he exclaimed in an angry voice, as he suddenly turned on Frank. "The emerald as big as an acorn! You thief! You English thief! Give me back my jewel—my beautiful jewel that is worth a king's ransom!"

Poor Frank was utterly amazed.

"I never saw a jewel," he said, "and neither did the town-crier, and nothing was said about it."

"Do you think I would offer a reward of a hundred pieces of gold if there had not been something more than money in the purse?" cried the merchant. "Only the hope of getting back my emerald would have made me do such a thing. Here is my last offer, and you can take it or leave it. Give me the emerald, and you shall have the hundred pieces of gold. Keep the jewel, and I will not give you a farthing. For two pins," he continued, hoping to frighten Frank, "I would have you arrested as a thief and put in prison."

But here he went too far. Honest Frank was not suspicious, and he thought all the false things the merchant said about the emerald were true. But he was not going to stand being called a thief and threatened with imprisonment.

"I suppose I shall have to go to see again," he said, "but I will clear my name before I go. Pick up your purse and your money, and come with me to the Lord Mayor's Court."

By this time the foreigner felt he had got a good case. Seeing that Frank did not suspect the trick that had been played upon him, he was now sure of keeping all the money. Followed by a crowd of men from the Tabard Inn, most of whom believed that the merchant had been wronged, the two went to the Mayor's Court to get the affair settled.

Clad in the splendid robes of his office, Sir Richard Whittington sat on a chair of state. The clerk whispered in his ear the details of the case as Frank and the merchant entered the hall at the head of the large throng of curious onlookers.

Poor Frank was by this time fearful of the result. It was the first time he had been brought before the law, and he now wished he had run away and left the purse and the money in the hands of the foreigner. Dick Whittington watched him very carefully while the merchant was explaining his view of the case.

"I quite see," said Whittington to the foreigner. "You did not tell the towncrier about the emerald because you wished to test the honesty of the finder of the purse. I quite believe you. Give me the purse and the money and let me look at it."

The pale, thin face of the miser was bright with joy as he stepped forward and gave the purse to the Lord Mayor. He had won his case! Dick's blue eyes twinkled as he counted the gold, and found there were two hundred pieces of it.

"Both of you come and stand before me," he said to the two disputants.

The merchant ran forward eagerly, but Frank's knees trembled as he slowly tottered up to the famous Mayor. He felt sure it would all end in his being sent to prison. "And what would then become of his poor, widowed mother?" he thought sadly to himself. So, pale and quivering, he stood before Sir Richard Whittington, while the foreigner, Andrea, held himself alert and proud, with his black eyes shining with greedy delight.

"You swear that the purse you lost contained two hundred pieces and an emerald of great price?" said Dick Whittington gayly to the merchant.

"I swear," was his reply.

"And you, boy," said Dick to the young sailorman, "you swear you found a purse containing two hundred pieces of gold, but no emerald?"

"Yes," exclaimed Frank, "I swear there was no emerald in the purse when I found it."

"Then it is quite clear," said Dick Whittington, in a suddenly stern voice to the foreigner—"it is quite clear this is not the purse you lost!"

He turned to Frank and gave the purse to him, saying with a kindly look:

"Take it back," my honest lad, and if within forty days it is not claimed keep the money for your own use."

With open mouth and staring eyes, the false merchant gazed at Whittington; then, without speaking, he hurriedly left the court. He knew the Mayor had seen through him, and he had no desire to find what the inside of an English prison was like. Frank waited for forty days for some one else to claim the purse, but naturally no one appeared, and at the end of two months the sailor lad and his mother were comfortably settled in a little shop in Cheapside, given to them by good Dick Whittington.—Children's Magazine.

TO A SOLITARY SEAGULL.
By Cale Young Rice.

Lone white gull with sickle wings,
You reap for the heart inscrutable things;
Sorrow of mists and surf of the shore,
Winds that sigh of the nevermore;
Fret of foam and flurry of rain,
Swept far over the troubled tide;
Maths of mystery and gray pain
The sea's voice ever yields, beside.
Lone white gull, you reap for the heart
Life's most sad and inscrutable part.
—From Wraiths and Realties. (The Century Company.)

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